

## Party of Losers by RoseThorn14

**Category:** IT (2017), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/F, F/M, Fix-It, M/M, Multi, Polyamory, Post-Season/Series  
03 Fix-It, The Upside Down, powers

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Erica Sinclair, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Robin Buckley, Stanley Uris, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon, Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon/Stamley Uris, Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Dustin Henderson/Suzie, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Mike Hanlon/Stamley Uris, Robin Buckley & Steve Harrington, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2019-09-30

**Updated:** 2019-12-14

**Packaged:** 2019-12-16 15:01:12

**Rating:** Not Rated

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 4

**Words:** 14,932

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

In the summer of 1984, Bill Denbrough and his friends changed the world.

In the summer of 1985, they helped the Party of Hawkins, Indiana do it again.

This is the story of how one small decision, the choice to just swing at some fucking clown's head instead of talk at it, can change everything.

----

Weird shit happened to the Losers after they killed It.

Follow them as they finish their summer vacation with Richie's cousin and get dragged into the weird happenings surrounding the Upside Down and a girl named Eleven.

A few more helpers can fix everything.

# 1. The Laws of the Land

## Author's Note:

- Inspired by [I Think I Fell Too Deep](#) by néamhni (uaigneach).

I have my predicted relationships up in the tags, but if you have any suggestions, you can post them in the comments. This fic will have polyamory in it, so I'm open to pretty much anything.

I hope you like this.

It is a universal truth that energy cannot be created or destroyed, only converted into different forms.

Since the dawn of time, there have been those that act as a focus of energy on the Earth: Merlin, Achilles, Circe - all some of the most notable figures that have suffered from this affliction. The vast majority of energy focuses, though, are, wisely, silent about their abilities, never using them too frequently, or, like the monster that would come to be known as Pennywise, knowing how to hide when they did use them.

However, as acknowledged above, when those beings of power die, the energy must go somewhere. This is especially true for those of both especially great power and great age like Poseidon, Ra and Kali. The power must have a successor. The universe demands it.

And, every once in a while, the universe liked to cause some chaos with that power.

This was a lesson that a group of teenagers would come to learn in the year after the summer of 1984.

----

It all stemmed from one moment.

Bill hesitated, his hands tightening on the baseball bat which he had commandeered from Richie at some point during the fight. The clown

was cowering away from him at the foot of a drain, and, in that moment, Bill had a realisation.

He wasn't scared, none of them were, which was why It hadn't killed them.

Bill opened his mouth to tell It just that, to rub his realisation in its face. However, before he could get the words out, the image of Georgie, cold, dead and armless flashed through his mind, and with it, a wave of boiling rage.

In that second, Bill made a decision that would change the course of history.

Instead of talking, an action that would lead to the ancient being gathering its wits enough to escape, Bill let himself give into the blazing fury coursing through his veins.

And that was the end of an era.

----

For the first time in a very long time, It was scared.

From the very beginning, there had been something different about these children. Their fear wasn't as... all-encompassing as the others. Which was why It had decided to try and play with them in the first place. But now, Pennywise was regretting it. It should have just killed them.

The tall one stepped towards It, and Pennywise saw him hesitate.

This was its chance. It could escape. The boy opened his mouth and Pennywise knew that it could run now. It would flip into the drain whilst the brat was talking.

However, like he had done from the moment It had set its sights on him, the boy surprised it. It knew the moment when it was too late. The boy's eyes hardened, and he lunged forward, snapping the bat down in a deadly arc. Pennywise flinched back as fear froze its limbs, preventing it from making the escape it had been planning.

It felt its head crumble under the force of the blow, squishing its whole body into the ground. There was half a second, and then they were all descending upon it. It desperately tried to push itself up between the kicks, hits, and swings. But, all its strength was gone. Pennywise felt its power draining with every attack. It couldn't shapeshift if it tried.

All creatures must abide by the rules of the forms they take. And It always took the form that would be most effective against its victims. Its power was based on belief. Now, though, there was no option. No form would make these kids scared of it. They had the power. They had Its power.

Pennywise was used to being the most powerful being. Now, it was just a clown, weak and frail, and so terribly mortal.

A rod skewered itself through It's heart and it went rigid.

Pennywise had one last chance to feel a fleeting wave of regret, resign, and, fear. It always came down to fear.

Then, the tall one swung down on its head, and It was no more.

----

This one decision would change the world, but none of the seven children, so lovingly known as the Loser's Club, knew that at that moment.

No, they didn't notice the shift in the very fabric of reality as Bill Denbrough collapsed over his brother's raincoat. They didn't notice the subtle shifts in their very beings as they hugged their best friend, surrounding him with love in the face of such evil. They didn't notice the power, which had been focused within the broken body smeared across the Earth start to disperse into them as bodies descended around them, their souls finally put to rest.

They did notice that it seemed to be brighter as they left the sewers, Eddie not even hesitating as he led them through the impossible maze to the Barrens, but no one put it together.

The differences were subtle at first.

They were too wrapped up in reporting to the police, starting high school, and coming to terms with their experiences to truly realise what they had done, and, in turn, what the universe had done to them.

It was little things. Adults tended to agree with them without question, other students gave them a wide berth unless the Losers wanted to talk to someone, they all healed quicker than they should have.

Things that they had always done suddenly became more than just talents, taking on supernatural undertones. Mike always caught falling objects, Stan's eyes never missed a thing, Ben could see the solution to any problem within seconds, Bev never got caught sneaking a smoke (even when she really, really should have), Eddie could navigate through unfamiliar territory blindfolded, Richie's Voices got more realistic and Bill could outstrip cars on Silver. But, they still didn't notice.

In the end, it took the changes practically hitting them in the face for them to realise.

----

Ben and Bev were at the library. It was the second Tuesday after Christmas break.

They were both curled up in one of the back corner, a pile of books, both for leisure and homework, in front of them as Ben paged through his book and Bev sketched a design on her notepad.

Ben was forcing himself not to steal glances at Bev.

He'd been losing weight recently, ever since he'd picked up a stray nutrition book that someone had left out in the library. He wasn't as lean as Bill or as built as Mike by any means, but he was no longer ashamed of getting a hug, or letting someone lean into his side.

Speaking of which, he didn't want to ruin the moment. Bev was relaxed, and looking more peaceful than she had in...well, ever.

About a week after their first year of high school had started, Bev's

mother had somehow found out about her father's abusiveness, and the man had been locked up by Christmas, with the two remaining Marsh's moving in with a close family friend in the more upscale section of Derry. Bev was a changed girl afterwards, but she was still jumpy, expecting her father to ambush her at any second.

Ben let out a contented sigh, choosing not to overthink the moment and absorbing himself in the story, his free hand absentmindedly slipping into his pocket, where one of the remaining silver dollars perpetually sat.

Suddenly, Bev started cursing profusely, glaring at her paper, which Ben looked over to find had a stray line piercing the flared skirt.

Bev threw her pencil down, tearing out the page and scrunching it tightly. Out of nowhere, a flame sparked in Bev's palm, immediately lighting the paper on fire. Bev gave an aborted shriek, throwing the paper away.

"Shit!" Ben exclaimed, glancing wildly around for something to put it out with.

Water burst out of the bottle sitting between them, flowing over Bev's knees to submerge the flames before they could spread.

Both of them stared at the ashes and soaking, burnt paper.

After a few seconds, Ben managed to shake himself out of it, his hand gently taking her wrist to check the burns. He gasped quietly when he found it undamaged. Bev glanced at her hand before her gaze settled on Ben.

"Did we just...?" she whispered.

"I think...I think we did," Ben answered.

"We have to tell Bill," Bev said.

Ben's gut twisted, but he nodded enthusiastically.

Bev jumped up, taking Ben's hand with her and squeezing it, causing Ben's heart to flutter and freezing the roiling in his stomach.

"Come on!" she exclaimed.

Ben happily obliged.

----

Eddie and Richie were in the arcade together.

Eddie was leaning up against one of the machines as Richie kicked its butt, racking up yet another high score. Eddie grinned and cheered quietly as Richie finally defeated the boss, whilst Richie pumped his fist in the air.

"Yes! That's how it's done!" Richie yelled.

"Hey, Nerd!" a voice called from somewhere behind them, causing both Eddie and Richie to glance over in surprise.

They'd gotten used to being mostly left on their own over the past few months. Pretty much all of the kids, even the gang that had taken over Bowers' role at the top of the food chain, didn't bother them. Now, though, a large, muscled junior was lumbering towards them, with his arms crossed.

The boys' eyebrows furrowed as the taller one lumbered up to them.

"What do you think you're doing?" he demanded.

Eddie and Richie glanced at each other.

"Ah, my good man," Richie proclaimed, assuming his British Butler voice as he took a step back to stand beside Eddie. "It seems that we were just enjoying ourselves, as I showed my good friend here how to overcome this game."

He slung his arm around the shorter boy's shoulder as the junior (he thought his name was Chad? Or maybe it was Brad?) growled, uncrossing his arms so he could crack his fists.

"Look," Eddie sighed, unable to keep the frustration out of his voice. "We really don't have time for this. If it makes you happy, we can pretend to be intimidated but I just want to go home."



The only reason that Richie managed to drag Eddie under the punch was because he was getting ready for it. He honestly thought that he would be the one to make Brad snap.

The older boy let out a furious yell when his fist connected with nothing but air. Richie pulled Eddie back, trying to drag him towards the door. However, his back ran into the side of a machine, giving the bully time to grab him around the collar, and deliver a swift blow to his face that split Richie's lip.

Richie blinked, stunned, but had just enough presence of mind to flinch away as Brad pulled his fist back again.

He didn't really see what happened next, but the kid had just started swinging his fist when a streak of light burst from the machine, hitting the boy and knocking him away from Richie and Eddie. They stared at Brad, who lay twitching on the ground for a few seconds before they both glanced up at his friends, who were also frozen in shock (and were probably the ones that put him up to attacking Richie and Eddie, since whatever weird aura they had that made people leave them alone was always weaker when the Losers were split up). Eddie and Richie grabbed each other's hands and backed away, turning around to sprint out of the arcade.

Richie was planning to just run through the streets blindly until they eventually made their way to the Barrens. He picked up speed when a few of the older boys burst out after them. However, Eddie seemed to have other plans, grabbing Richie's hand again and pulling him into a dark alley.

"What are you doing, Eds?" he asked. "I'm pretty sure the Barrens are the other way."

"Just shut up and trust me," Eddie snapped, turning a corner into another alley.

Richie heard the older kids thunder into the enclosed space behind them and he decided to do just that.

They twisted and turned through the back streets of Derry, running through places Richie had never seen before - places Richie knew

Eddie had definitely never been. But, the short boy never faltered, managing to lose the other boys in just a few minutes and weave them back towards the Barrens within half an hour.

He pulled Richie into a car on the edge of the dump that was situated between the train lines and the Barrens, pushing him into a seat and bending down to look at him.

"What the hell are you doing?" Richie scowled, batting away his hands.

Eddie gripped Richie's hands, stopping them from fending him off. "Stop it! Let me get a look at your face. That jerk, Chad messed you up pretty bad."

Ah, so his name is Chad.

Eddie jerked back. "What the fuck?"

"What?" Richie asked.

"I just heard you in my head."

"Really? What did I say? Did I admit what I did to your mum last night?"

Eddie scowled. "No, dickwad, you said 'Ah, so his name is Chad.'"

"Oh shit," Richie muttered. "I just thought that."

Eddie's eyebrows furrowed and he was silent for a few moments before seeming to come to a decision. "We can talk about that later. Just like we can talk about what the hell happened in the arcade. Now, let me look at that."

The boy crouched forward, grabbing Richie's chin between his hands, causing him to wince as his bloody lip stretched uncomfortably. Eddie poked the wound and it suddenly stopped hurting. The weirdest sensation filled Richie as his lip tingled and he literally felt the skin knitting back together.

When the sensation ended Richie brought his hand up to his lip,

gaping as he felt the unblemished skin.

Eddie was also staring in shock. ♦

"Ah..."

Eddie cut Richie off by lunging forward and slapping a hand over his mouth, pushing him down onto the floor of the car.

You could have just asked, Hot Stuff.

Eddie glared at Richie, shushing him quietly and crawling over him to peer out the window of the car.

Richie flipped over onto his stomach and followed him, ducking down further when he saw the group of older boys walking through the junkyard.

"Shit!" Richie whisper-yelled.

'This is not good. This is not good. This is really not good.'

Woah. You're right. That is weird.

Eddie glanced at him, pursing his lips before he glanced back out the window and then ducked behind the car.

Richie saw his hand twitch towards his pocket, where Richie knew an inhaler was sitting, but Eddie seemed to catch himself at the last second, clenching his fist and firmly putting it back in his lap. Despite the situation, Richie felt a surge of pride. Eddie had stood up to his mother more than ever over the past few months, and Sonia Kaspbrak had finally started giving Eddie some freedom after the gym teacher had threatened to call CPS. Eddie almost never used his inhaler anymore, and always researched medication before taking any from his mother, but it was still the only guaranteed way to stop one of his panic attacks, so he kept one in his pocket at all times.

He scrunched his nose and then Richie was hearing his voice again.

'They're heading right for the club house and I know for a fact that Bill, Mike and Stan were planning to hang out there this afternoon.'

Richie shifted uncomfortably.

Well, fuck.

Eddie nodded.

"We have to help them," the shorter boy whispered.

Richie gave a sharp nod, climbing out of the car and glancing around before he picked up a metal pipe.

"Let's go save our fearless leader," he said, unable to stop his manic grin as a giddy feeling of anticipation filled his limbs.

----

Bill sat in the hammock, curled into a ball with his head tucked against his knees. He couldn't see from his position, but he knew that Stan and Mike were glancing concernedly at each other from where they were sitting squished against each other on a crate a metre away from Bill.

Bill sniffled, the dried tear tracks on his face pulling uncomfortably.

One of the boys leaned forward, patting Bill on the shoulder.

"It's alright," Stan's voice floated towards him. "Well, it's not... but... we're here for you."

The hand on his shoulder squeezed it comfortingly and Bill heard Mike's voice right next to his ear.

"There'll always be bad days. You don't need to feel bad about it. It's perfectly normal."

Bill lifted his head, surprised to find Stan kneeling in the dirt next to him. He wasn't even wearing a shower cap to protect himself from the dirt and spiders.

"H-how d-do you...How do y-you kn-now?" Bill winced internally as he spoke. His stutter had been getting much better over the past few months, but it was always bad when he was upset.

Mike shrugged. "I asked my dad about it, and I read it in a few books I found at the library."

Bill sat up, his shoulders still hunched as he looked at his friends through the veil of his auburn fringe.

"Y-you a-a-asked your d-dad and r-r-read books?"

Mike nodded. "Of course we did, Billie. We're your best friends."

Stan nodded as well, shifting closer.

Bill swallowed thickly. It still hurt to hear that nickname, but he sought of liked it when Mike and Stan said it. Stan peered at him, frowning before he stood up and leaned in to envelop Bill in a tight hug. A moment later, Mike joined him, burying his head between theirs as Bill's shoulders started to shake again.

After a few minutes, when Bill had finally gotten control of himself again, Stan leaned away. Bill felt another twinge of surprise. Stan could usually only bear the shortest of embraces, never staying pressed against another person for more than a few seconds.

"Do you want to go outside? The fresh air might help you feel better. Maybe we can go for a ride on Silver? I know Mike wanted to have a try of being pulled behind it. And I can ride behind you. Like Richie does?"

Bill paused for a few seconds, liking the idea more the longer he thought about. Eventually, he nodded, letting himself be pulled up by Mike as Stan furiously brushed his clothes off, and then rubbed some of Eddie's hand sanitiser all over his arms. Mike and Bill also took a squirt of sanitiser as they climbed out of the club house.

Out of habit, Mike grabbed the bat that Richie had used on the clown, holding it loosely at his side as he flung a hand around Bill's shoulder, Stan doing the same on the other side of him.

There were a few items that were passed around the Losers' Club like the three silver dollars - one of which was always with Ben, the other was currently tucked in Bill's back pocket and the last was with either Richie or Eddie.

They were about twenty feet from the tree line when shit went down.

"Hey fags!" an older boy - Chad Thompson, the new Bowers - shouted.

Bill, Mike and Stan stopped as the group of four boys strolled up to them. Bill frowned. Chad looked weird, with his hair slightly singed and sticking up at odd angles.

They shifted away from each other, Mike's hand tightening around the bat whilst Stan's hand slipping into his jacket, no doubt curling around his bird book. They watched the older boys approach them, two of them cracking their fists.

"Your other dick sucker friends were fucking around at the arcade today. That's our territory. In fact, all of Derry is our territory," Chad proclaimed, stepping forwards. "We've left you losers alone for too long. It's time you learnt about the new laws of the land. Bowers may be gone, but don't think you're not still at the bottom of the food chain."

Bill's brow furrowed as the group of older boys burst into laughter. He understood what Chad was saying, but something deep inside him was screaming about how terribly wrong the older boy was. It went against the ways of the universe.

We don't kneel to anyone. Especially not the likes of him.

Stan and Mike nodded, and Bill wouldn't wonder about their reaction to his thoughts, or the fact that he had thought that at all, until later, when he had time to think.

Now, though, he stepped forward, pushing his shoulders back. "Th-that's not gonna happen."

Chad froze, snapping his head towards them.

"Oh?" he asked. "And w-w-what a-are y-y-you gonna d-do about it?"

"This," Mike answered for Bill, and threw a rock from the pile that had materialised at their feet.

It hit Chad in the stomach, causing the kid to double over, as Stan and Bill launched their own projectiles, one hitting him in the ribs and the other nailing him in the head and causing him to fall over.

The three other goons snarled, rushing forward, one each at Stan, Bill and Mike.

Mike's assailant only made it a few steps before he fell through a hole that magically opened up in the ground, a dull thud sounding as he landed at the bottom of the small pit.

The guy running towards Stanley tripped on a root that had burst from the ground and wrapped around his foot, causing him to fall over. Whilst he was trying to shake off the root, a flock of birds descended from the trees, hounding him from all sides and pecking holes in his clothes and arms. After a few seconds, the boy jumped up, sprinting off into the trees and screeching as he tried to escape his attackers.

The one coming towards Bill was approaching in a dead sprint, but, a few metres from him, he smashed into a shimmery grey wall, his body going rigid upon impact as he fell to the ground.

Three more boys spilled out of the woods, glancing at their fallen friends in surprise. The three looked like they were about to try their hands at attacking Bill, Stan and Mike, but they never got the chance.

One boy was taken down by Richie and Eddie, who melted out of shadows that hadn't been there a few moments ago, and attacked him with metal pipes until he fell to the ground.

The others were dropped by Ben and Bev, who peeled out of the forest a few metres away from the others. Ben splayed his hand out and water shot out of the stream and sewer drains, pounding one of the kids until he fell down. The water paused for a second, and the kids stumbled to his feet, sprinting back into the woods.

Beverly clicked her fingers, causing a fireball to spark in her palm, which she threw towards the boy, who let out a strangled scream as his clothes immediately caught on fire. He dropped to the floor, rolling until the flames died and then springing back up, glancing

around at the seven kids surrounding him, before he turned and sprinted after his friends.

The Losers looked at each other, with wide eyes.

"Well, it's nice to know that we're not the only ones dealing with some messed up shit," Richie exclaimed.

"Beep beep, Richie," Eddie snapped.

"What the hell just happened?" Bev asked.

"We just got powers, Molly Ringwald! What the fuck else could it be?"

"Yes, but how?" Ben questioned.

They all looked to Bill at that one and the tall boy paused.

"I-I th-think we all know where we got th-them from," he murmured. "As for how... well, we'll have to d-do some research."

"And what about them?" Stan asked, gesturing to the boys in various states of injury.

Mike crossed his arms. "We can't let them talk."

Bill took a few steps, looking down at Chad. "I think I know what to do."

----

Chad Thompson was woken by the beeping of his wristwatch.

That beeping meant it was 5pm, time for him to head home and do the chores so he didn't get screeched at by his mother.

He blinked and squinted as he lifted his head slightly. He was in a small clearing in the middle of the forest in the Barrens. A creeping feeling of dread trickled down his spine as he started to take in more of what was around him. It was too dark to just be five. The sun wasn't due to set for another hour.



He jerked into a sitting position, and was met with the unsettling sight of Bill Denbrough standing over him, his arms crossed. Flanking him was the Marsh girl and that smart-mouth kid with glasses. The girl was playing with a box of matches, twirling one of the wooden sticks between her fingers whilst an unlit cigarette hung out of her mouth.

The Tozier brat was leaning forward on a baseball bat, grinning madly at him.

"Hi Chad," the freckled boy greeted, his voice gravelly and low.

A chorus of 'Hello Chad's, and 'Hi's echoed from around the clearing, all with different volumes, from whispers to full blown shouts.

Chad swivelled his head around wildly, trying to find the source of the sound. Sitting in a tree to his left was the Uris nerd, with the black kid - Hanlon - leaning against the trunk under him. To his right, the Kaspbrak maniac stood menacingly, a metal pipe in his hand. And, standing behind him was Hanscom, the Fatty, though he wasn't exactly fat anymore. But none of them had opened their mouths.

"I think we need to have a chat," Marsh's voice suggested innocently, causing Chad's head to snap back towards him.

He shifted away from the three in front of him as he only just noticed the slingshot tucked into Marsh's pocket and the switchblade strapped to Denbrough's belt.

"What the fuck is going on?" he yelled, his voice a few octaves higher than usual.

Denbrough took a step towards him, crouching down so their faces were level. Chad tried to back away, but the ground beneath his hand collapsed, sucking him into the ground and sticking him in place.

"You need to leave u-us alone, Thompson," Denbrough murmured, his voice sending shivers down Chad's spine.

Was it just him or was the boy's eyes glowing?

"Your friends are g-going to leave us alone. In fact, you're going to let us do whatever we want."

Chad's stomach churned, but he still puffed out his chest. "Or what, Stutter?"

There was a shifting from every other kid in the clearing, and an ugly anger flitted across Marsh and Tozier's faces. Denbrough, though, remained unsettlingly unaffected.

"I don't think you want to find out," the boy replied, his voice barely above a whisper, but still causing Chad's very core to twist uncomfortably.

Chad swallowed as he felt the shadows close in around him. Denbrough's eyes were definitely glowing, and the eyes were the only features he could make out on Tozier and Marsh's face.

The voices chanting his name got closer and Chad started shaking. One sounded right next to his ear and Chad flinched violently, feeling his gut loosen and his pants dampen a second later.

"Okay! Yes! I'll do it! We'll let you do whatever you want! I'll tell everyone! I'll make them do anything for you! Please! Just let me go!" he was sobbing by the end of it, and the voices suddenly went quiet.

Chad opened his eyes to find Denbrough's eyes back to normal and the shadows gone. Denbrough was smiling, and stood back up.

"I'm glad we could come to an agreement," the boy said placidly, holding out his hand.

Chad eyed it, but quickly took it, his own limb still shaking as it was finally released from the Earth. The Denbrough kid pulled him up with no outward sign of effort, despite Chad being at least a foot taller than him and having probably forty plus pounds on him.

Chad was just relaxing when suddenly the hand on his arm tightened painfully.

"Oh, and Chad? Nothing happened here today. Neither you, nor your friends saw anything," the boy ordered.

Chad saw Uris jump down from the tree in the corner of his eye and Hanlon took a step towards him.

He nodded profusely. "Of...Of course. Anything you want. No one will hear anything."

Denbrough gave a sharp nod and released him.

"You'd want to be getting home now. You wouldn't want to keep your mother waiting," he told Chad pleasantly. "Remember what we discussed. We wouldn't want any of your friends... slipping up."

Chad nodded again, walking backwards until he'd passed Hanscom before he allowed himself to spin around and sprint home, where he would call every one of his friends as he was frantically doing his chores.

----

Needless to say, the Loser's Club was never bothered again.

Crowds at school parted for them and adults never bothered them. But, the Losers didn't really care about that.

No, for the next few months, they were consumed with their research, spending almost every day after school together with their heads stuck in books about the occult and mythology, as well as other topics to help fuel their various side projects and scientific theories about what had happened.

They eventually landed on a theory that was close to the truth.

They were right in assuming that whatever powers It had possessed had been passed onto them. That by killing one near primordial god, they caused themselves to ascend to their own god-like status within the world.

They were also right about the fact that their powers were different. Their strength was not maintained by fear and sacrifices, but by their loyalty to each other, and, curiously, by helping people.

They each felt their power thrum pleasantly as they did favours and

helped people around town by fixing broken things, stopping bullies, and tutoring and watching younger kids.

Their actions had bred a new pantheon of gods, or so they had concluded. Really, they couldn't be expected to think anything else: their inexplicable ability to influence the workings of the Earth, and the way they somehow became linked to objects like they were sources of their power had no other rational conclusion.

So, the Losers accepted their roles. They helped people, they stuck together, and they did their work.

By the end of the year, the Losers, and Derry had become used to the new order of things.

They understood their new places in the universe and they accepted their positions of power with grace.

They thought there was nothing else to learn.

That was until the summer of 1985. Until what happened after Camp Know Where.

## 2. The Meeting

### Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry for the long wait. I've had exams and then I went straight into year 12 and everythin just snowballed.

Dustin couldn't stop grinning as he showed his friends his inventions. They'd all agreed to go set up their devices to meet Suzie and he was thrilled at the prospect of showing them that he could actually get a girlfriend.

Mostly, though, he was glad to be home. Everything was perfect. No more danger. No more Upside Down. No more weird shit that could shake his world.

At that moment, the doorbell chimed through the house.

"Dustin, can you get that?" his mother called. "I'm making dinner."

"Who's that?" El asked, tucking herself behind Mike's arm. She was clearly still wary of unexpected visitors. Not that Dustin blamed her. He himself didn't like it when people came around uninvited.

Dustin shrugged. "It could be Mike's cousin and his friend. I know they weren't too far behind me."

Mike's head snapped towards him. "Richie's here? He went to your nerd camp?"

"Yeah," Dustin admitted. "His whole friend group did. I know him and Bill were coming straight down to visit you guys, whilst the others had to go back to Michigan to spend a few days with their parents before they were allowed to come down."

Mike's eyes widened as he stared at Dustin for a second before he tore off towards the front door.

Max reached across the circle they had all formed around Dustin's devices and punched him in the shoulder.

"Ow!" Dustin yelled, grabbing his arm. "What was that for?"

Max just rolled her eyes.

----

Mike wrenched open Dustin's front door.

He let out a laugh at the familiar face that greeted him.

He lunged at his cousin wrapping his arms around him. Instead of knocking him over, like the move usually would, Richie only took a half step back, leaning into the boy next to him.

Mike leaned back taking a half step away from his cousin so he could properly see him.

It looked like Richie had gone through some changes over the past year and a half since he'd last seen him. The boy had now filled out his clothes, which he had swapped from nerdy t-shirts with baggy pants to ripped black jeans with a grey tight-fitting t-shirt and a red plaid shirt tied around his waist.

Richie wasn't able to visit last year because he wanted to hang out with his friends, one of whom had been getting over the death of his brother, and the other who was feeling lonely cause his sister had been forced to move out of state to go to a private school for her senior year.

Speaking of friends, the boy next to Richie was tall. His skin was naturally pale, but ever so slightly tanned, obviously from a lot of time in the sun, and his auburn hair stood out strikingly against it. He was wearing tight jeans, a stark white top and a light, dark green bomber jacket.

"This must be Bill," he said with a grin as he ruffled Richie's hair.

He lent forward, reaching out his hand. "Nice to meet you. Richie has told me a lot about you."

"Not as much as he told you about Eddie," Bill answered, taking his hand and speaking slowly as he shot a sly smile at Mike's cousin. "I've

hear a lot about you too. Dustin barely shut up about his party."

Mike shoved Richie. "And you don't talk about me, Rich? I'm offended."

Richie grinned. "I can't help it that I have better things to talk about than a bunch of nerds."

Bill snorted as Mike scoffed.

"That's rich coming from the kid who literally just came back from Camp Know Where."

Richie opened his mouth, but was cut off from replying as the others finally joined Mike at the door.

Mike glanced back, his arm automatically slipping around El's waist. Max gaped at the two boys.

"You guys could be twins!" she exclaimed.

"I know," Dustin said as he stepped up beside Bill. "I got confused every time I saw him at camp."

Bill glanced down at the duffel bag Dustin was carrying. "Really? Already?"

Dustin just shrugged.

Bill and Richie introduced themselves to the rest of Mike's friends and then they were heading to their bikes, with El slipping onto the bike behind him whilst Richie climbed onto the metal rack on the back of Bill's bike, which both boys called Silver as if it was a beloved pet.

Mike knew he wasn't the only one to take a second glance at the strange sight of Richie and Bill. There was something off about them. But he couldn't quite put his finger on it. It was like they moved just a little differently from other humans - kind of like Eleven after she used her powers sometimes - and Richie didn't look like he remembered. Plus, that bike was creepy, what with the tarot cards that were stuck in the back wheel.

The only one of their group that was unaffected by the boys' strange aura was Dustin, who chattered with Bill and Richie about his device all the way to the bottom of the hill they were about to climb.

When they finally did get to the top of the hill, both boys were able to help with the setup, something Richie wouldn't have dreamed of doing two years ago. But, now, it seemed that Richie was actually willing to reveal his intellect, not just hide it with a tidal wave of stupid jokes.

Mike settled on the hilltop next to El, absorbing himself in talking to her. However, he made sure to keep an eye on Bill and Richie.

Richie plonked himself beside where Lucas and Max were lying on the ground, striking up a conversation about video games with Max whilst also throwing in a few questions about slingshots for Lucas.

Bill sat next to Will. Both boys were quiet for a little while, but Bill quickly got Will to open up.

It started when Bill pulled his sketchpad out of the backpack Richie had slung off his shoulders. Will was actually the one to initiate the conversation, when he shuffled over to ask about the drawings in it. Those two ended up talking for the entire time Mike was there, moving on from sketching tips to the basics of DnD as Bill expressed an interest in trying to start a game with his friends.

Mike didn't know what it was, but he didn't really like Bill. There was something in his soft, slow voice that put Mike on edge, and no one could get Will to open up that quickly, especially not after the last couple of years.

Eventually, Mike got sick of listening to it. Of listening to Dustin on his overpowered radio speak into static, of listening Lucas desperately trying to glean a little of Max's attention away from Richie, of listening to Bill murmur into Will's ear as they sat right next to each other.

El seemed to sense his agitation and asked him to leave, a suggestion which Mike readily agreed to.



----

Will knew he had to leave soon.

The sun was just about to set and his mum would go crazy if he was home late. Though, he couldn't really blame her.

He was just about to tell Dustin, Bill and Richie that when Bill's watch started beeping. The auburn-haired boy sat bolt upright at the sound.

"Ben should have had it set up by now," he announced. "Stan said he would make sure they'd all be on by now."

Dustin sighed heavily, but handed the controls over to Bill, who immediately started adjusting the frequency, quickly finding the right channel.

"Hello?" Bill asked into the mouthpiece. "Guys? Are you there?"

Bill's voice wavered slightly as he spoke and Will cocked his head to the side. Somehow it was weird hearing him uncertain.

There was a burst of static and then a voice was coming across the radio, clear and strong.

"Copy that, Big Bill," a low voice responded with a laugh. "We're all here. Except Tracker boy of course."

Richie leaned back from where he had basically climbed into Bill's lap.

"That makes sense," he informed Dustin and Will conversationally as three more voices greeted Bill. "The only way Eds could convince his Mum to let him come down here is if he spent every second of the next few days with her."

"Where's the Trashmouth?" a definitely feminine voice asked. "I thought he would have piped up by now."

Richie took mouthpiece out of Bill's hands. "Why, my dear Firecracker, I would never miss the chance to hear your lovely voice."

There was laughter over the radio and Bill rolled his eyes, snatching the mouthpiece back.

"Stan? Mike?" he asked, clutching the mouthpiece a little too tight. "Please tell me that you have something to say other than teasing Richie?"

There was scuffling on the other end of the line before the same deep voice was speaking.

"Yes, of course we do. Bev and Ben need to go anyway."

"Yeah," the girl's voice said. "Mum wants us home early to help with dinner. My bet is she's finally going to tell me that her and Cathy aren't just friends and wants someone over so I won't be hit with the information alone."

Richie collapsed in a fit of laughter whilst Bill's lips twitched upwards.

"No bet, Bev. And Ben?"

"Yes, Big Bill?"

"Thanks for helping Mike set the tower up."

"No worries, anything for you. This is Tinker signing off."

"Phoenix out."

Bill snorted. "Bye guys."

There was a few moments of silence.

"You still there, Bill?" the first voice asked.

Bill drew his knees up to his chest. "Yeah."

This time it was a different boy, one with a voice slightly higher than both the first boy and Bill's.

"It's weird not having you here," he admitted. "I'm not used to it."

Bill smiled. "Neither am I. Is it strange that I even miss your mother, Mike and your sister, Stan?"

Both boys on the other line laughed.

"Our families missed you too," the deep voice said. "Mum misses you making dinner with her."

"And Liz can't wait to get her writing buddy back."

Bill pressed her lips together. "She has you and Mike."

"I'm her brother. Barely a day goes by where she doesn't want to throttle me. And Mike is her languages and history buff, not her writing enthusiast."

Bill looked down, smiling.

It was Richie's turn to roll his eyes.

He punched Bill lightly in the arm. "You're being rude."

Bill blushed and then glanced up at Will. "Of course. Dustin, Will, this is Stan," the higher voice said 'Hi', "and Mike." This time the lower voice greeted them.

"They're the only two rational people in our group," Bill told them.

Immediately two voices objected.

One of them was Richie, who asked, "Hey, what about Haystack?"

The other was Stan, who exclaimed, "The fact that I stayed friends with you guys is evidence that I am nowhere near rational."

Bill huffed out a laugh before saying 'Point' into the mouthpiece.

"And Ben may be smart, but he's not rational," Bill directed to Richie, who shrugged, but nodded, conceding the point.

They all talked for a little while longer and Will found that he was starting to like Mike and Stan almost as much as he liked Bill. It seemed like they were the first ones to truly listen him all summer.

All things had to come to an end, however, and Stan and Mike had to go home soon, and then it was his turn to leave.

Bill and Mike decided to stay with Dustin and wait for Suzie to answer.

----

Steve Harrington thought that his life couldn't get any weirder.

He should have known not to jinx himself like that.

He'd just finished greeting Dustin, who was probably his favourite person in the world (and wasn't that a sad thought? His only friend was a fourteen year old nerd who dragged him into a life of government corruption and freaky sci-fi shit) when he saw them. At first glance, they looked completely normal, though something about them sent a shiver down Steve's spine.

The moment passed and Steve was smiling again as Dustin was saying, "This is Bill and Richie. I met them at camp. Richie is Mike's cousin - y'know, the one that had all the weird stuff happen to him last summer?"

Steve held his hand out, with Bill accepting it first and then Richie. He tried to banish the memories of Dustin telling him of killer clowns and dead kids, and slid into a free booth to hear Dustin tell him about the Russian broadcasts.

From then on, Steve didn't really pay attention to the boys. They helped out with the translation until Bill glanced down at his watch and abruptly stood up.

"Mike knows a bit Russian," he announced. "He said he would be at the Barrens near the tower around this time. I can bring him a copy of the recording and he might be able to help."

"Mike knows Russian?" Steve asked, flabbergasted.

"Not your Mike," Richie told him. "Or is it our Mike? Anyway, he's not talking about my cousin he's talking about his b-"

"Mike's grandfather learnt Russian during World War Two, and he taught it to his father who taught it to him. So he might not be too much help since he's not exactly fluent. But he's pretty good at languages. Stan's sister is trying to teach us Spanish and he's a wiz at it."

Steve stared at him, before swallowing and nodding.

"Okay. Go talk to your friend. Maybe we can get this cleaned up and find out this guy's grocery list or whatever it is he's trying to broadcast."

Bill jerked his head and then clapped Richie on the shoulder before he headed out of Scoops. Steve watched him go before he snapped his head towards Richie.

"You guys are weird. And after the last few years I've had, that's saying something."

----

Eleven sat on the bed next to Max, watching the bottle spin to a stop in front of one of the few names she actually wanted to spy on.

"Bill - Richie's Friend," Max read out, a slow smile spreading across her face.

"This actually could be interesting," the red head said. "I saw him leaving Starcourt without Richie or anyone else when we got on the bus. Let's see what freaky crap the new boy does when he's alone."

El frowned. "There's something weird about him. Him and Richie make me feel... funny."

Max giggled. "You think they're hot!"

"What? No!" El exclaimed.

"Why not?" Max asked, still grinning madly. "Richie looks just like Mike and your obsessed with him, and Bill's just about cutest boy I've ever met. I don't think there's a girl that he wouldn't make feel funny."

And dammit, El was blushing now. That's not what it was! It really wasn't!

She scowled good naturedly, and snatched the blindfold off the bed whilst Max giggled.

"Shut up!"

El tied the fabric around her head and sunk into her void.

She emerged a few minutes later, her eyebrows furrowed.

"I couldn't find him," she told Max.

"What? That's impossible."

"I know."

"Well, try again. Maybe you just missed him? Or pictured him wrong?"

El frowned again, putting the blindfold back on.

This time she did find him. Really easily. In fact, she appeared right in front of him. She didn't even have to go walking like she usually did.

Bill was leaning against a tree, his bike resting against the other side of the trunk.

His voice echoed around her, but she could swear he wasn't opening his mouth.

"I can't believe I spent my entire time with Mike talking about that translation and Robin figured it out anyway before I could get back."

El glanced around to try and find the noise as it echoed through her void.

"I know. What you guys saw is weird and you'll find out what happened tomorrow."

There was another pause.

"You heard right. I won't be there. I'm gonna scope the town out. There's something weird about this town. The last time I felt something like it was last year."

"No, I haven't told the others. I want some actual proof before I send them all into panic attacks."

A long pause this time.

"Thank you, Echo. You deal with the crazy Russians and I deal with weird energy. If we're lucky, it will come to nothing."

"I love you too. Stay safe. I don't trust this town."

Bill ducked his head, pulling out a tarot deck from his bomber jacket, shuffling the cards before he taking three off the top. Whatever he saw made him swallow and glance around nervously.

His gaze snapped towards where Eleven was standing and he looked right at her. He squinted, as if he was trying to make sense of what he saw.

Then, just as El was about to panic, he put the cards away and slung his leg over his bike and rode off.

Then, Eleven was sucked out the vision without her permission.

She tore the mask off, gasping. Max put a hand on her shoulder to steady her.

"What did you see? You were under for a long time."

Eleven didn't answer for a long time. Her brain was going over what it just heard, but she couldn't make sense of it. She didn't quite know how to put it into words.

So, she reached out and grasped the bottle.

"Let's do one more and then I'll tell you."

When it stopped spinning, the bottle landed on Billie.

What she saw there made her forget everything about Bill Denbrough.



### 3. The Reveal

#### Summary for the Chapter:

The confrontation between the Party and (some) of the Losers.

Bill was in the hospital when shit hit the fan.

Richie had gone M.I.A a few hours ago and he wasn't able to get him on the mind link. So, needless to say, Bill was starting to get a little nervous.

He'd been checking Silver's back wheel and the deck every twenty minutes to see what the verdict was. He asked it about Hawkins, about Richie, about the Russians and about the weird feeling he was getting.

All he got was the same gist: danger. Something big was about to go down, and Bill needed to be there to help.

All of the Losers had felt it over the past year - the pull to help when they were needed. But Bill had never felt it as strong as this.

He'd searched through the entire town for the past few hours. Then, he'd suddenly felt physically pulled towards the hospital.

It had taken him half an hour to get there. Too long.

He snuck into the ward, his senses going off like an alarm clock and leading him straight to a direct part of a hospital. He managed to skirt past the secretary whilst a couple were asking to be let in. That's when it got complicated.

That pull in his core that had been leading him to the ward suddenly got overwhelming. It felt like he was being pulled apart. So, Bill decided to just pick a direction and walk. A few metres down an abandoned hall, he ran into an old woman.

Bill could immediately tell that something was wrong.

Her veins were black and her eyes were red. And she was walking towards Bill with way too much purpose for a woman of her age in a hospital gown.

"H-hello?" he asked, hating the fact that his voice stuttered. It only ever did that when he was really stressed or upset.

In answer, the woman only opened her mouth and let out an inhuman screech and sprinted at Bill, who was only just able to throw up a shield in time to not get bowled over. Unfortunately, though, Bill hadn't planted his feet properly and the knock against his shield sent him backpedalling, hitting his back and sliding down the wall.

His head cracked against the wall and his vision swam. The woman rushed passed him but the pull in Bill's stomach didn't steer him towards her. In fact, it practically rooted him to the spot.

That was lucky because it took Bill a few minutes to actually stand up, and a few more minutes of holding his head before he was actually okay to start walking.

Bill frowned when he got to the next hall. The lights were flickering, or entirely off in some places.

He wandered around for a little while, straining his ears to hear any trace of sound.

A crashing to his left had him peeling back through the seemingly now abandoned hospital. He dodged around abandoned equipment, and through darkened hallways, sometimes changing course or turning around as the noises started moving around. It seemed like someone, or multiple sets of someones, were running through the hospital.

Eventually, he burst into a room at the end of the building. However, before he could turn, around a girl burst through the door and, on her heels, a truly horrifying monster.

The sludge of meat and blood that had formed into some sort of giant spider monster that actually caught Bill off guard. For half a second,

Bill felt himself freeze up as the girl stumbled over to him.

She was definitely older than Bill and he could see her thought process as she stared at him in terror - that she was about to be responsible for both of their deaths. In that moment, Bill didn't quite know if she was incorrect.

The spider-blood-muscle thing let out a screech and lunged at them, forcing Bill's instincts to finally kick in, as he stepped around the girl and desperately threw up a shield.

This time, he was able to properly brace himself as he held up his arms, bending them slightly as the monster crashed against it.

The thing stumbled back a few steps, shaking itself before it regarded Bill with interest. It growled at him and Bill grit his teeth, bending his knees to anticipate the next impact.

It went deathly still, before it lunged again, smashing against Bill's shield in a hit that sent vibrations up Bill's arms. The girl next to him let out a strangled scream as it attacked again and again, forcing Bill to take half a step backwards in its assault.

Bill was just thinking about trying to push the creature backwards with his shield when the door slammed open. Standing in the doorway was Jane 'El' Hopper, Mike, Will, Max and Lucas.

What happened next was a blur. One moment, Bill was trying to figure out if he had enough energy to throw up a shield in front of the newcomers, the next El was holding her hand out and throwing the monster around with her mind.

They all stared at each other.

"W-what the hell?" Bill asked, speaking too quickly, resulting in a slight stutter.

That thing was like something a nightmare. A nightmare. That's what it was. Oh god. It was happening again.

Suddenly, he was being pushed roughly against the wall by some invisible force.

"Who are you?" Jane growled, stepping towards him.

Nancy and Will were yelling, telling her to let him go, but Bill wasn't listening. His mind was stuck in spirals, circling around the memories of the year before. Clowns. Lepers. Giant Birds. Dead Kids. Dead Georgie. Oh god, Georgie.

Bill was released and barely managed to keep his feet as he hit the ground.

"What can you do?" Mike asked, his voice low as he glared at him warily.

Bill was having none of it.

He opened his eyes, which he had squeezed shut at the onslaught of memories.

"Tell me what that was," he ordered.

Everyone was looking at him with wide eyes. He knew exactly why. His eyes were glowing and the shadows in the room had gravitated towards him.

Nancy glanced out the window then back at him.

"We need to go," she said quietly but firmly. "It could come back."

Bill felt sick. "Tell me."

"We will. In the car. I promise," Will told him.

Bill hesitated, locking eyes with Jane, who was glaring at him distrustfully.

"Please," Nancy asked.

Bill swallowed, releasing the shadows and nodding.

----

"And, yeah. That's pretty much it," Lucas finished.

Bill, who had been staring out the window for the entire duration of their explanation, finally looked at them.

He took a deep breath before speaking.

"So, this mind flayer thing can only be here if the gate is open or if it's a different creature than you fought last time," he summarised, speaking slowly and steadily like he had the first day they'd met him.

"It's the same thing," Will said with a certainty he rarely felt, a shiver going down his spine to confirm his statement.

Bill looked at him for a long time, his still glowing eyes boring into him, like bright blue crystals. Then he nodded.

"Now it's your turn," Mike said and Will turned his head to find, Max, El and Mike staring at them from the back seat, with Nancy and Jonathan stealing glances through the mirrors in the front. "Why do you have powers?"

"It doesn't matter," Bill muttered, pulling his legs to his chest.

"Bullshit!" Max accused.

"Yeah!" Lucas put in. "We told you our life stories. It's only fair that you tell ours?"

"Does Richie know about you?" Mike asked.

"Why were you so freaked out before, but fine now?" Max questioned.

"And why can't I find you in my void?" El added on.

"Guys!" Nancy yelled from the front seat. "Give him room to talk!"

Bill pursed his lips, turning to match El's glare. "So you were the one spying on me. I thought I felt something weird."

El actually rose out of her seat then, and Will was afraid she might actually lunge at him. Instead, she just flicked her head and Will could tell that she was using her powers (since he'd been able to read the ripples in the air ever since he'd been possessed by the mind

flayer). However, Bill splayed his hands and a shimmery grey shield appeared in front of him, causing the energy to bounce off of it with a crack.

The whole car reverberated from the impact, rocking the vehicle and causing a chorus of swear words to rise within the car.

El's glare intensified whilst Bill just stared at her coolly, his shield still raised.

The car drove onto gravel and then Jonathan was parking it.

"We're here," he announced, slamming open the door the car door.

Will, Mike and Bill were the last ones to enter the house, and Will paused on the threshold when he heard the footsteps stop behind him.

He glanced back and saw Mike standing nose to nose with the slightly taller boy, blocking him from coming inside.

"I don't trust you," Mike confided. "You're hiding something."

Bill glared, the glow in his eyes becoming brighter.

"Richie knows," the boy said, causing Mike to take half a step back.

Bill pushed passed him, giving a tight lipped smile to Will as he slipped inside.

Will stared at Mike.

"What?" the boy snapped.

Will just shook his head and went back inside where he decided to sit next to Bill, who spent the next hour or so playing with a deck of tarot cards.

He was glad for his decision when the mind flayer attacked.

While El and Jonathan and Mike and Nancy were focusing on the tentacles coming from the front, Bill dealt with the ones bursting

through the back of the room.

Will and Max stuck close to him as he threw up shields, blocking the tentacles from hitting them, and sometimes even pushing them out of the room.

The only point in the fight at Will thought he actually might die was when two tentacles burst through the back, from different directions, catching Bill off guard. He managed to block the first one, but the other snuck up behind him, catching him in the side and sending him flying into the wall.

Will and Max both ducked under the next attack, letting out simultaneous screams as they clung to each other. Luckily, Mike and Lucas swooped in, double teaming the tentacle coming after them until Bill could drag himself back to his feet and continue throwing shields at them.

----

El watched Mike as he stared at the end of the row. Will was sitting against the stack, looking to his left. El could see that his hand was resting on a leg, that undoubtedly belonged to Bill. Mike's jaw clenched as Will squeezed it comfortingly.

"Do you like him?" El asked, causing Mike to startle out of his trance.

Mike furrowed his eyebrows. "I like you, El."

"You can like more than one person at once."

"What?"

El withdrew a book from her back pocket, on the front cover was 'Polyamorous Relationships' typed in rainbow colours.

"Max showed this to me. Apparently her dad, her real dad, works at a queer clinic."

Mike took the book, frowning. "I've never heard of one of those."

El shrugged. "From what I've heard, there aren't very many."

Mike glanced up at her. "Do you like someone else."

El smiled, shaking her head. "No. But I know how important Will is to you."

Mike's eyes started to shine as he beamed at her. "You're perfect, you know that?"

El shrugged, feeling her stomach warm as she fought off a smile.

"Help me up," she ordered, holding out her hand. "Let's go talk to him."

They got to the end of the row just in time to see Nancy, Jonathan, Lucas and Max stop in front of the couple sitting on the ground.

"Oh good," Bill said from his position on the floor with both arms wrapped around his torso. "I w-won't have to repeat myself."

"Bill. You don't have to," Will urged, his voice dripping with concern that made Mike shift angrily.

Bill just shook his head. "No. It's okay. You did tell me about all your messed up shit."

He took a deep, shuddering breath and, for the first time, El thought she might not want to find out Bill's story.

"It all started w-when my l-little brother G-G-Georgie went missing."

They all stared, horrified as Bill laid out the tale of Derry and the summer of 1984.

"So, we killed It. And when we did, we released its powers. And the only place for those powers to go was to us," Bill finished, staring ahead hollowly.

El wasn't the only one to wipe at her eyes.

"So you can all...?" Lucas asked, miming creating a shield.

Bill shook his head, snorting. "No. We all have different powers."



That's when the radio started going off. Mike gently set El on the floor next to Will and ran off towards it.

Then, Bill clutched his head and let out a moan of pain.

----

Richie was having a wild day.

He'd been forced to reveal his powers when they were sneaking through the Russian base, throwing his voice to divert soldiers away from them. Erica and Dustin had been looking at him weirdly ever since, but, really, it wasn't like his shit was any stranger than the story Dustin had spilled to him, or the shady crap they had uncovered at the base.

Dustin was currently trying to radio into Mike, and Richie was leaning against the wall, trying to do the same for Bill. Something about the Russian base had knocked off his communications with their fearless leader, and he hadn't been able to get him once he got to the surface, which means that Bill had shielded his mind, something he did when he wanted to be alone that cut off the mental link allowing the Losers to communicate with each other telepathically.

Richie squeezed his eyes shut, knowing that he would have to really concentrate to punch through Bill's defences, and silently hoping that he had only put them up to be left in peace while he was writing or sketching, and not because something was wrong.

Richie grunted as he tore through the shield, immediately feeling Bill's mental shout of pain reverberate through his head.

Richie grimaced.

Sorry Siren. He thought, using one of Bill's code names so that the boy would know that Richie was being serious. I really needed to talk to you and you'd taken comms down.

Fuck. Sorry, Chatter, I must have closed it when that thing attacked us.

What thing attacked you?

It's a long story. It'd be better if we were all together before I told you.

Right, speaking of being together. I need you to get over to the mall. ASAP. I've been stuck underground in a secret Russian base for the past day, and I need some help dodging the people soldiers trying to kill us.

What the hell Richie?

Dustin shook Richie's shoulder.

"Come on. We've got to go."

Don't have time to explain. I've got to make sure none of the Scoops Troop die. Just get everyone to Starcourt.

Bill didn't ask anymore questions, thankfully, because all of Richie's attention was focused on not panicking when he found Steve and Robin gone.

Dustin, Erica and Richie snuck outside the cinema, but ducked behind a poll when they saw a guard leaning on the metal railing just outside of the escalator.

Richie made sure to gather the shadows towards them, a move he had been pulling a lot over the last day to make sure they didn't get caught.

"What are we going to do now, dummies?" Erica asked.

Richie swallowed, glancing at the edge of the rail the guard was leaning on. It was about six feet away.

"Wait here," he whispered.

He waited for the guard to turn his head away from them. Then, he lunged forward toward the railing, sending a current of electricity down it as soon as he made contact.

The guards body seized up and flew away from the railing, sliding across the floor for a few feet before it came to a rest, unmoving.

"Did you kill him?" Dustin asked.

"No! Of course not," Richie said as he walked over to the guard, nudging him with his foot. "At least I don't think so."

"We've got to get rid of him," Erica told them.

"Let's stuff him in the bathrooms," Dustin suggested.

That turned out to be the right thing to do as they found Robin and Steve laughing on the floor of the stall they were about to stuff the Russian into. They did that and then made a break for it.

The peace didn't last long and they were soon hiding from the Russians. Richie and Erica had been separated from the others when they dodged through the crowd, and she had pulled Richie behind a mannequin.

That ended up being the exact wrong move as there was already a Russian searching through the store they'd hidden in.

Richie grabbed hold of Erica's jacket, backing out of the store. However, his shoulder brushed against the mannequin as they edged backwards, knocking it to the ground.

The soldier spun around to face them as Richie and Erica backed up faster.

"Freeze!" the guard ordered, pointing his gun at them.

They froze, a few metres out of the store.

The Russian walked towards them, a slow smile creeping onto his face.

He stepped into the light of the mall, taking one hand off his gun to pick up his radio.

Before he could say anything though, the water fountain three feet to

his left exploded, sending a torrent of water straight at him, knocking him over and sending both the gun and the radio skittering across the floor.

Richie picked up the gun as Ben and Beverly melted out of the shadows near the corner. Ben went back to the water fountain and stemmed the water, fixing the fountain. Beverly walked up to the guard, the baseball bat resting on her shoulders, which were covered by the leather jacket the group passed around. At the sight of it, Richie started playing with the leather bracelet on his wrist.

They had seven clothing items and trinkets that they all passed around. He had switched the plaid shirt for the leather bracelet with Bill the night before all this craziness started.

Beverly nudged the guard with her foot, swinging the bat down to hit him with a stunning, but not fatal blow, when he twitched.

Richie threw himself her arms when she stepped back, Ben quickly coming over to join the hug.

Bev laughed taking a step ack and slipping an arm around Ben's waist.

"Come on, dork. I think I saw your friends that Bill mentioned heading towards the entrance."

They got to the main entrance of the hall just in time to see Mike's girlfriend throw a car at a bunch of men.

----

Stan, Mike and Eddie were strolling through the fair looking for their boyfriends.

Richie's mum had said that that's where they'd be, but so far, they hadn't found anything.

Mike was twirling the group's steel ring around his finger, and he knew that Stan was playing with the silver dollar in his pocket. He bumped shoulders with him.

"It okay," Stan assured him. "My senses say that we need to be here."

Mike smiled at him, but he knew was unable to hide the anxiety in his expression. Bill had never been radio silent this long before.

Suddenly, Eddie, who was walking half a step in front of them, froze.

"What is it, E?" Mike asked, but Eddie didn't answer.

The short boy was staring off to the side, into a shadowy gap between two booths.

Mike squinted as looked at it.

"Is that a body?" Stan asked.

The next thing Mike knew, Eddie was running towards the slumped over figure.

Mike and Stan glanced at each other before peeling after him.

He skidded to a stop behind Eddie, who was kneeling over a guy, whose torso was stained red.

"I know this probably isn't the time," Mike puffed. "But didn't any of our experiences over the past year tell you not to run into situations blindly?"

Eddie spared a second to shoot a glare at him before he was turning back to the man, his hands glowing emitting a soft golden glow as he tried to heal him.

"He's been shot," Eddie grunted. "I have to focus on pushing the bullet out as I heal him."

Suddenly, the man jerked awake, beginning to mutter.

"I think he's speaking Russian," Mike said, crouching down next to Eddie.

Mike cleared his throat, glad that Bill had given him some practice the two days ago.

"Hello Sir," he greeted in Russian, his voice soft. "I need you to stay calm."

The man was taking deep, fast breaths, and Mike put a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"I'll go get help," Stan said, but Mike heard his footsteps freeze three steps into his run.

"Can you tell me your name?" he asked, still speaking Russian.

"Alexi...My name is Alexi."

"Okay, Alexi. You're going to be all right. My friend is helping you."

Alexi nodded weakly, before leaning his head against the trailer, closing his eyes.

"Alexi!" Mike exclaimed, glancing at Eddie.

"Yes!" the boy grunted. "The bullet's out."

"Is he meant to be passing out again?" Mike asked desperately.

Eddie nodded. "It's fine. Healing makes you drowsy, remember? I guess healing something on this level just knocks people straight out."

Stan walked back up to them, threading his fingers into Mike's hair.

"Bill just said we need to the mall. Something about secret Russian bases and weird tentacle monsters."

Mike had to stop himself from jumping up and finding the quickest way to the mall. He hadn't seen Bill in days, and it was the longest he'd been away from him in nearly a year.

Stan squeezed his hair. I know. I feel it too.

Mike sighed in relief. At least the mind link was open again.

"I told him that we might be a while," Stan said out loud.

Eddie nodded, redoubling his efforts on the man. They obviously

weren't the only ones with separation anxiety.

Suddenly, two figures appeared at the end of the gap.

"Hey! Who the hell are you?" a grating man's voice yelled as the two figures ran towards them.

Mike stood up, him and Stan stepping in front of Eddie together as Mike slipped his hand into his pocket to clutch the switchblade resting there.

"What do you want?" Mike questioned, puffing his chest out and getting ready to subtly collapse the ground under their feet.

The other person took a step forward, their hands raised unthreateningly.

"We don't want any trouble. We just want to get our friend some help and then go help my kid, who could be in a lot of trouble."

"We're already helping him," Stan insisted.

"Alright kid. Stop playing around. The man is dying," the man told them, striding forwards, causing Mike to tighten his grip on his knife.

"Actually, he's not anymore," Eddie announced, sitting back.

Mike noted the sweat on his brow and the slight shake in his bloodstained hands.

"What?" the man asked, a panicked edge to his voice as he threw himself on the ground beside Alexi. "Is he dead?"

"Alexi!" the man yelled, putting one hand on his neck and the other on his stomach.

The man stared at Alexi, before snapping his head to Eddie.

"He's alive. There's no more bullet wound."

Eddie held up the bullet that he'd extracted. "I have some unique talents."

"Let's get him to the car. We don't have much time," the woman ordered.

"We can help," Stan insisted. "I think we're trying to go to the same place."

"Look, no offence kids, but what we're doing is extremely dangerous."

Just as the man said that, a figure appeared at either end of their small alley.

Stan immediately stepped towards one of them, tossing a few seeds towards him and then making them grow rapidly, covering the man in thick vines and forcing him to the ground.

Mike turned to the other, collapsing the ground underneath his feet, making him fall downwards, dropping his gun along the way. Mike hurried up to him, scooping the gun off the ground and delivering a swift kick to the man's head.

He looked back in time to see Stan cross his arms adorably.

"You were saying?" the curly haired boy asked.

----

"Who the hell is this?" the grumpy man grunted exasperatedly.

"Oh, just more kids with powers," Joyce said, her voice high.

"They're the only reason Alexi is still alive," Bauman informed him.

"They said there's even more of them at Starcourt, so just drive."

The man gaped for a second before he nodded and hit the pedal.



## 4. The Showdown

### Summary for the Chapter:

Shit hits the fan.

Stan almost melted when his eyes landed on Bill.

All of the kids in the mall looked worse for wear (with the exception of Bev and Ben), but Bill looked particularly bad. Stan didn't know if that was because his attention was focused on Bill, or if it was really true, but either way, Stan still rushed towards him, Mike hot on his heels.

Stan felt something click into place as the Losers reunited, all of them exchanging hugs and 'I love you's as they embraced the familiar sense of love and family and *power* that surrounded them whenever they were together.

"I can fix that for you," Eddie offered, looking down at El's ruined leg.

"Are you sure, Eds?" Richie asked, brushing a hand across the shorter boy's cheek. "I don't want you to push yourself."

"I'm okay, Trashmouth. I can handle a little leg wound."

Stan watched as Eddie knelt down in front of Eleven, both Richie and Mike hovering near them anxiously.

Bill let out a huff of laughter, causing Mike and Stan to look at him, where he was standing between the two.

"What?" Mike asked.

"Nothing," Bill murmured. "It's just, you can really tell their related."

Mike let out a low chuckle, leaning his head against Bill's shoulder.

Stan snorted, and glanced down, his amusement quickly being replaced by concern as he noted the way that Bill was holding his stomach.

"Are you okay?" he asked lowly, shifting closer to his boyfriend.

"I'm fine," Bill assured him. "It's just a bruise."

Stan pursed his lips, poking Bill in the ribs. Bill hissed, flinching away from and causing Mike to put a hand on his arm to steady him.

"Just a bruise," Stan mocked, with a raised eyebrow.

"Do you need help from Eddie?" Mike questioned.

Bill shook his head. "Eddie's had enough for today, and it's really not that bad."

Stan flicked his eyes towards Eddie, who was looking pale and feverish as Richie helped him sit down on the edge of the fountain.

"Okay," he relented. "But if you pass out, I'm strapping you to a bed for at least a week."

"And I'll need to make sure my dear Stanley here doesn't have a panic every few seconds," Mike said, eyeing Bill suspiciously.

Bill swallowed, but leant into Mike. "I'm okay. Really. I'm just tired."

"Well, we're in luck," Stan said, cutting his eyes towards where Hopper, Bauman and Joyce were talking to Dustin, Erica and Richie. "It seems like we're not gonna have to do anything. It looks like we've finally met some adults that actually want to do the work themselves. It should be easy sailing for us."

He should have known not to challenge the universe.

----

Eddie, Stan and Bill were crouched behind a sunglass kiosk on the

ground floor.

"I blame you for this," Bill told Stan. "You just had to go and jinx us."

"I know, I know," Stan whisper yelled as he helped Bill funnel water from one of the bottles they'd stolen into a water balloon.

When they were done, Bill tied it off and handed it to Eddie, who he laid it on the pile of ammunition.

They'd gotten trapped in the mall when the mind flayer had attacked them, but Eddie couldn't really complain. The beast didn't really seem to be actively looking for them, and he was pretty sure Bev, Richie and Mike had escaped with the others, whilst Ben had gone with Dustin and Erica to help with the signal.

"That's enough," Bill decided, looking at the pile.

Eddie furrowed his eyebrows. "But..."

"No, Eddie. We don't want you to burn out."

Stan put a hand on his shoulder. "Besides, we might need you to heal people later."

Eddie clenched his jaw. They hadn't done nearly enough to be properly effective against the monster coming to get them, but Bill and Stan made compelling arguments.

"Richie put you up to this, didn't he?" he muttered, looking at them darkly.

Bill shrugged, meeting his gaze coolly. "So what if he did? He's right."

Eddie dropped his gaze whilst Stan snorted. "We better not tell him you said that."

Eddie felt his lips twitching up despite himself and he sighed, leaning his head on Bill's shoulder.

There was a rumbling from behind them and Stan glanced up, expertly using the mirrors in the room to see what was going on behind them.

"It looks like we're up," he announced, handing Eddie a water balloon.

Eddie closed his eyes, focusing on turning the water within the balloon into corrosive poison, before handing it to Bill, who quickly turned around and lobbed it toward the Mind Flayer, which let out an ear-splitting scream when the acidic liquid hit it.

They weren't alone in their endeavours long, and by the third throw, their attack was being joined by fireworks and fireballs being lobbed by the others that joined them on the second floor.

At some point, Eddie had turned around to face the Mind Flayer, and he could now see it looming threateningly over Eleven, who was on the ground, and a tall boy - who as around twenty - with curly blonde hair.

Suddenly, Bill seized up mid throw, his balloon falling short, and splashing against the ground at the monster's feet.

Eddie and Stan both snapped their attention towards him. Bill's eyes were closed and his arms were braced against the kiosk.

"Are you okay?" Stan asked, lightly touching his shoulder.

Bill's jaw clenched before he jerked and his eyes flew open.

"I need to go," he told them. "Now."

Stan frowned, clenching his fist in Bill's shirt. "Bill-"

"I have to."

Stan stared at him for a moment before he nodded, releasing Bill shirts. Stan leaned forward, pressing a kiss to Bill's lips and pressing the silver dollar he had been carrying into his hand.

Bill pulled away and frowned.

"You need it more than me right now," Stan told him. "Be careful."

Bill grimaced. "I'll try."

Stan frowned. "Don't lie."

Bill glanced down.

"Just don't die," Stan pleaded. "Mike won't forgive you. *I* won't forgive you."

Bill gave a tight lipped smile. "I won't."

Stan looked at him for a long time, before he nodded.

Bill gave him another quick kiss on the lips and ran off down the corridor.

Stan blinked back tears as he turned back to face the monster.

Eddie glanced at him, watching Stan stew in his own worry for a few seconds before he handed him a balloon.

"He'll be fine. Bill always is," Eddie assured him.

Stan swallowed, nodding as he looked down.

"Throw that quickly. It's full of acid."

----

Beverly liked these people. They were wild.

She was giggling in the back with Steve, Robin, Mike and Richie as Nancy tore back towards the mall.

"Were they like that at camp?" Robin laughed.

Beverly nodded cackling. "They sung that for the talent show."

Steve glanced at Richie. "Why didn't you give him more shit?"



Richie shrugged, though he was grinning wildly. "Dustin has blackmail on me. I know when to shut up."

Steve shook his head. "I'm never letting him live this down."

"No one is!" Lucas claimed and Beverly leaned over the seat to give him a high five.

"Let's go blow this bitch up!" Beverly proclaimed as they pulled into the mall.

She'd ended up next to Steve and Robin, with Ben crouched next to her, throwing fireballs as the older kids set off fireworks at the monster. Too soon they were out of ammunition, and Beverly's fire was barely doing enough damage to distract it. And then she felt her powers sputter as she stumbled back into Ben's arms, exhausted.

Beverly saw the creature step up to Eleven, looming over her, and she turned her head away.

She couldn't believe they'd failed.

----

Jim Hopper clenched his fists as he stared hopelessly up at Joyce. He

knew what she had to do. She knew what she had to do. But they really didn't want to.

He squeezed his eyes shut. He wasn't a religious man, but he still sent a prayer up to whatever god that was listening.

*Take care of my girl, please. I'm so sorry, El.*

He glanced downwards as the scientists poured into the room, the door swinging shut behind them. They didn't have much time. It had to be now.

He looked up at the woman he could have grown to love and thought about the daughter he did love, who was waiting for him to come back. His heart twisted.

Jim barely heard the bang of what he assumed was another group of scientists entering the room, as he nodded to Joyce, glancing away from her as she looked down in grief. He knew she would do it. She loved her boys too much to not to.

Jim glanced back at the crack, an idea forming in his mind. However, before he could carry it out, the banging of someone coming up the stairs distracted him, causing him to turn back towards the source of the noise. Jim registered a blur of red flinging itself towards him and then they were being blown sideways.

----

Max screamed as Billie was skewered.

The Mind Flayer went limp a moment later, but it was too late. The damage was done.

She crawled towards her step-brother, kneeling over him as she watched the life drain out of him.

"Please, Billie. Stay awake. Don't die."

Her head snapped up as someone slid on the knees towards the body, glaring instinctively at the attacker.

"Don't!" she protested as the small boy - Eddie, her mind supplied - lay his hands on Bill's torso, causing the teenager to grimace and groan in pain.

Someone put their hand on her shoulder and she glanced up to see the muscly kid - Mike - standing over her.

"He can help," he murmured, gently pulling her away as Lucas ran up to them.

She flung herself into her boyfriend's arms, squeezing tightly and peering back as Eddie's hovered over Billie, his hands glowing with a

soft golden light as he slowly closed the wounds. When he was done, the small boy sat back, his eyes fluttering and the only thing saving him from falling onto his back was Richie, who scooped him up into his arms.

"We have to go," Ben announced, Beverly clinging to his side.

"Johnathan, Steve, help me get him out of here," Mike commanded, going to grab one of Billie's arms as Ben grabbed the other.

Johnathan and Steve grimaced at each discomfort, but when Beverly barked a sharp 'Now', they got moving, hurrying out of Starcourt just in time to see the military pour into it.

Max spent most of the next crazy few minutes hovering beside Bill in the ambulance, the paramedic making an exception to allow Lucas in with her for emotional support. Just before, it was ready to go, Max took the few steps over to the next ambulance, where Eddie had just finished being looked at by the paramedic, who had moved onto Richie.

She enveloped him in a hug, her limbs shaking. She pulled back and looked at the boy who had saved her brother's life.

His face was drawn and gaunt and sweat was clinging to his brow despite the unusually cool night.

"Thank you," she whispered, and Eddie had just enough lucidity to

smile faintly and nod back before he was being asked to go into the ambulance to get an IV.

Max returned to Billie's ambulance just in time and then she was off to the hospital, her chest filling with a hollow sense of relief as she gazed at her step-brother.

----

Sheriff Hopper was certain that he was going to die.

Joyce locked eyes with him as she put her hand on the key, waiting for him to move out of the way. There was a banging from the doors. They were out of a time.

Jim took a deep breath, steeling himself.

Another bang. More guards, he assumed, without looking. He nodded. He saw Joyce Byers, the woman he could have grown to love, squeeze her eyes shut as she took that half step to be able to twist the keys. Jim swallowed, glancing down.

*Please forgive me, Jane.*

The last thing Jim registered before he was about to get blown up was a blur.

His eyes adjusted just in time to register the kid barrelling towards him, jump over the gap blocking Jim's own escape and slam into his chest, sending them both slamming into the platform ground.

Jim opened his eyes in time to see a wave of energy hit a translucent wall that had materialised around him somewhere between the kid hitting him and them hitting the ground.

Jim felt the reverberation in his bones and the kid that was now sitting on his chest actually screamed in pain, causing his heart to twist as his parental instincts kicked in.

Just as quickly as it happened, it was all over. The shield in front of them fell, and the kid slumped onto Jim's chest, spasming as if he was just electrocuted. Violently.

Jim sat up, holding the kid to make sure he didn't fall back, a flash of recognition sparking in his brain as he remembered that he'd seen him before. He was one of Mike's cousins friends. The ones that also, somehow had powers. It would have been nice if the prick mentioned his superpowered cousin earlier.

Jim glanced around, wincing slightly as he saw the carnage the machine had done to the rest of the room. The others in the room were now just smears of flesh on the ground. Poor bastards.

He glanced up to meet Joyce's wide, shocked eyes, smiling giddily at her. She was the most beautiful women he'd ever seen.

Unexpectedly, Joyce burst into tears.

A second later, the doors were banging open again and Jim braced himself, but sighed in relief when he recognised the US uniforms.

Thank fucking god.

Jim allowed himself to be helped up, but didn't let go of the unconscious kid, even as Joyce ran towards him and flung her arms around his neck, still sobbing.

Jim bent his knees slightly under the weight of both bodies, but otherwise stiffened. What the hell was he supposed to do?

Joyce eventually let go of him, taking half a step away so that she had enough to punch him in the shoulder. Hard.

Jesus that woman could swing a punch. Jim winced and gave a huff of indignation but Joyce didn't take any notice.

"Don't you ever do that to me again!" she yelled, her voice shaky as tears threatened to pour down her cheeks again.

Jim smirked, his heart melting, just a little bit. "I won't."

Jim carried the kid - Bill - all the way to the ambulance, which was immediately invaded by two other boys, their red headed friend hovering just outside as she looked in worriedly.

Jim only turned his back when the girl was pulled into the vehicle and the doors closed.

He spun around just in time to catch his daughter, who had flung herself into his arms.

"Dad!" she yelled, her voice shaky.

Jim hugged her tight as he felt his shirt get damp.

"I'm okay," he told her. "Thanks to that boy."

Jane audibly swallowed and leaned away from him.

"I was so scared," she hiccupped, sniffing aggressively.

"Everything's fine," Jim assured her, leaning in for another hug. It all worked out in the end."